

A

MANUAL

OF THE

FIGURES OF RHETORIC,

WITH COPIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM THE BRITISH POETS,

AND

EXAMPLES FROM THE ROMAN CLASSICS.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY L. LANGLEY, F.L.S.

—◆—
DONCASTER:

PRINTED BY C. WHITE, BAXTER-GATE.

MDCCCXXXV.



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P R E F A C E.

THE intention of this little work is not to point out all the nice and minute distinctions introduced by rhetoricians and schoolmen ; but to give, in a simple and pleasing form, illustrations of the most usual and most striking figures of Rhetoric. In performing this task, the compiler flatters himself that he has collected together, under a somewhat novel association, many of the brightest and most precious gems of English poetry. Several figures, of unfrequent occurrence and but little importance, are not inserted ; but it is

presumed that none have been rejected, the omission of which would at all detract from the more lively and just perception of the beauties of our illustrious bards, which a knowledge of Rhetorical Tropes and Figures cannot but communicate. The compiler may here remark that, as his pupils have long been in the habit of using Stirling's Rhetoric, in which, however excellent some portions may be, the examples are isolated and uninteresting; and also of committing to memory beautiful passages of poetry with a view to refine the mind and to store it with valuable precepts and elegant images, it occurred to him that these important objects might be advantageously combined. Such, then, are the origin and design of

this Manual; and, conceiving it possible that others may entertain similar views, it is now respectfully presented to the public.

L. L.

BRAMPTON ACADEMY.

Dec. 8, 1835.

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RHETORICAL

TROPEs AND FIGURES.

A RHETORICAL TROPE or FIGURE* is when a word or sentence is to be understood in a sense different from its most common and ordinary acceptation. When we say a person has a fine *taste in wines*, the word, *taste*, has its primary and most usual signification; but, when we say, he has a fine *taste for Painting, Poetry, or Music*, we employ it *figuratively*.

The principal Tropes (from *τροπος*, a turning) are seven;—*Metaphor, Allegory, Metonymy, Synecdoche, Irony, Hyperbole, and Catachresis*.

The most beautiful and striking Figures are—*Parabole or Simile, Prosopopæia or Personification, Climax, Apostrophe, and Antithesis*.

Besides Tropes and Figures, there are many Rhetorical Turns or Repetitions, which add greatly to elegance of diction and to beauty of composition.

* It is usual to make a distinction between Tropes and Figures, and to consider Tropes as affecting words only, while Figures extend to sentences; but it is probably more correct to regard the former as merely a species of the latter.

THE SEVEN TROPES.

METAPHOR.

(*Μεταφορα, a Transferring.*)

A *Metaphor*, in place of proper words,
Resemblance puts ; and dress to speech affords.

EXAMPLES.

The Lord is my *rock*, and my *fortress*, and my
deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will
trust ; my *huckler*, and the *horn* of my salvation,
and my *high tower*.

Psalms xviii. 2.

Forbid it Gods ! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and *bulwark* of our host.

Pope's Homer.

But thee, my *flower*, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven

Forbid not thee to weep :—
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
 To see thee on the battle's eve,
 Lamenting take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most :
 She was the *rainbow* to thy sight !
 Thy *sun*—thy *heaven*—of lost delight !

Campbell.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The *sunshine* of the breast.

Gray.

Bound where thou wilt, my barb ! or glide, my prow !*
 But be the *star* that guides the wanderer, Thou !
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark ;
 The *dove* of peace and promise to mine ark !
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
 Be thou the *rainbow* to the storms of life !
 The *evening beam* that smiles the clouds away,
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !

Byron.

* Synecdoche.

———— Di, cœptis, nam vos mutâstis et illas,
Aspirate meis.

Ovid.

Me miserum, quanto cogor meminisse dolore
 Temporis illius, quo, Graiûm *muris*, Achilles
 Procubuit ! *Ovid.*

ALLEGORY.

(*Ἀλλήγορια, Speaking otherwise.*)

Allegory Metaphors continues still,
 Which with new graces every sentence fill,

EXAMPLES.

There is a *tide* in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the *flood*, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the *voyage* of their lives
 Is *bound* in *shallows* and in *miseries*.
Shakspeare.

He, who defers his work from day to day,
 Does on a *river's bank* expecting stay,
 Till the whole *stream* that stopp'd him shall be gone,
 Which *runs*, and, as it *runs*, for ever shall *run* on,
Cowley.

Did I but purpose to *embark* with thee
On the smooth *surface* of a summer's *sea*,
While gentle *zephyrs* play with prosperous *gales*,
And fortune's favour *fills the swelling sails*,
But would forsake the *ship*, and *make the shore*,
When the *winds whistle*, and the *tempests roar* ?
Prior.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he *puts forth*
The *tender leaves* of hope ; to-morrow *blossoms*,
And *bears his blushing honours* thick upon him ;
The third day comes a *frost*—a *killing frost*,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a *ripening*, *nips his shoot* ;
And then he *falls*, as I do.

Shakspeare.

From Jesse's root behold a *branch* arise,
Whose sacred *flower* with *fragrance* fills the skies.
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its *leaves* shall move,
And on its *top* descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the *dewy nectar* pour,
And in soft silence shed the *kindly shower* !
The sick and weak the healing *plant* shall aid,
From storms a *shelter*, and from heat a *shade*,
Pope.

*O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum.*

Horace.

The Song of Solomon, the Fables of Æsop and others, and Bunyan's Holy War and Pilgrim's Progress, are all Allegories. Some of the Prose Allegories of Addison are extremely beautiful.

METONYMY.

(*Μετωνομία, Change of Name.*)

Metonymy does new names impose,
And things for things by near relation shews.

EXAMPLES.

Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean and poor.
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And *Homer* will be all the books you need.

Duke of Buckingham.

From the low prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear.
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Oh ! what were man, should *Heaven* refuse to hear !
Beattie.

Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path ;
Bury your *steel* in the bosoms of *Gath*.
Byron.

Now swarms the *village* o'er the jovial mead :
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong.
Thomson.

The Muse ! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.
The poet's birth I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care.
Nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*, delight me more
Than *Tagus' bank*, or *Thames's shore*.
From silver Avon's flow'ry side
Though Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,
As sweet from Morven's desert hills
My ear the *voice* of Ossian fills.
Walter Scott.

Hinc movet *Euphrates*, illinc *Germania* bellum :
Vicinæ ruptis inter se legibus *urbes*
 Arma ferunt : sævit toto *Mars* impius orbe.

Virgil.

SYNECDOCHE.

(Συνεκδοχή, a taking together.)

Synecdoche the whole for part will take,
 Or part for whole, just for the metre's sake.

EXAMPLES.

Thus, while *Elijah's* burning *wheels* prepare
 From *Carmel's* heights to sweep the fields of air,
 The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
 Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Campbell.

Thy growing virtues justified my cares,
 And promised comfort to my *silver hairs*.

Pope.

Those joyous hours are past away,
 And many a *heart* that then was gay,
 With *the* tomb now darkly dwells,
 And *hears* more those evening bells.

Moore.

No useless coffin enclosed his *breast*,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Charles Wolfe.

Thine is the Sabbath peace, my land ;
And thine the guarded *hearth* ;
And thine the dead, the noble band,
That make thee holy earth.

Mrs. Hemans.

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Thomson.

Arcades hinc sedes et inhospita *tecta* tyranni
Ingredior, traherent cùm sera crepuscula noctem.

Ovid.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos :
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus *annus*.

Virgil.

Accessi, viridemque ab humo convellere *sylvam*
Conatus, ramis tegetem ut frondentibus aras.

Virgil.

IRONY.

(*Eigēria*, *Dissimulation.*)

Irony, saying what it ne'er intends,
Censures with praise, and speaks to foes as friends.

EXAMPLES.

Suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud ;—
“ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold ;
That all may see who hate us, how *we* seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them.”

Milton.

Yet none in *lofty* numbers can surpass
The bard who *soars* to elegize an ass:
How well the subject suits his *noble* mind !
“ *A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.*”

Byron.

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
 And hast thou killed him sleeping? O *brave touch!*
 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

Shakspeare.

A *trim* exploit, a *manly* enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision!

Shakspeare.

Thy earth, Chantilly, boasts the grave of Muir,
 The wise, the lov'd, the murder'd, and the pure,
 While in *his* native land the *murderers* sleep,
 And marble forms in mockery o'er them weep;
 Such sad memorials tell to future times
 How mankind *honour worth* and *gibbet crimes*.

Elliott.

Ne mandate mihi; *melius Telamonius ibit,*
Eloquioque virum, morbis irâque furentem,
Molliet, aut aliquâ producet callidus arte.

Ovid.

HYPERBOLE.

(ὑπερβολή, *Excess.*)

Hyperbole soars too high, or creeps too low,
 Exceeds the truth, things wonderful to shew.

EXAMPLES.

Milton's strong pinion* now *not Heaven can bound,*
Now, serpent-like, in prose, he *sweeps the ground.*

Pope.

Waves upon waves in dread confusion rise,
Obscure the orb of day, and lick the skies.

Virgil.

Camilla

*Outstripped the wind in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain :
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd in billows hung.*

Dryden's Virgil.

Why, man, he doth *bestride the narrow world*
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Shakspeare.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with.

Milton.

* Metonymy.

What days are ours ! What days indeed !
 How wondrous, Science, thy advance !
Snails were we once, but now our speed
Is like the vivid lightning's glance ;
 O'er hills, and vales, and waves, *we fly,*
Swift as an eagle through the sky.

Village Magazine.

Talia jactanti stridens Aquilone procella
 Velum adversà ferit, *fluctusque ad sidera tollit.*
Virgil.

————— horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis
 Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
 Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favillâ,
 Attollitque globos flammarum, *et sidera lambit.*
Virgil.

CATACHRESIS.

(Καταχρησις, *Abuse.*)

A *Catachresis* terms abused receives,
 And epithets and attributes improper gives.

EXAMPLES.

And there were set there six *water-pots* of *stone*.
John's Gospel.

Sweet Venus shines ; and, from her genial rise,
 When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus *the effulgence tremulous I drink*
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky.

Thomson.

Phemius ! let acts of gods and heroes old,
 What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
 Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ ;
 Such the pleas'd ear *will drink* with silent joy.

Pope.

The peacock spreads
 His every colour'd glory to the sun,
 And *swims* in radiant majesty along.

Thomson.

Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air.

Milton.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the *woes* that *wreck thy manly form* !
Campbell.

Addunt in spatia, et, frustra retinacula tendens,
Fertur equis auriga, neque *audit currus* habenas.
Virgil.

Huc mihi, dum teneras defendo à frigore myrtos,
Vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat.
Virgil.

Sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos,
Densum humeris, *bibit aure* vulgus.
Horace.

RHETORICAL FIGURES.

PARABOLE, OR SIMILE.

(Παραβολή, SIMILIS, *Resemblance or Comparison.*)

Parabole, to illustrate a thing, compares ;
Like, as, so, thus, such, are the signs it bears.

EXAMPLES.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.
Byron.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next all human race.
Pope.

Fir'd at first sight with what the rouse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise !
So, pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes ;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

Pope.

A life so sacred, such serene repose
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

Parnell.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
prov'd,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war :
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid ;
Inspir'd repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,)
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Addison.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Shakspeare.

Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
And reason, by alternate frenzy crost,
Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds,
Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
She shines in full tranquillity of light.

Montgomery.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his feelings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Goldsmith.

Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just wav'd her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favourite son !
Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.

'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low :
 So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart :
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel ;
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

Byron.

————— Pennisque levatus,
 Antè volat, comitique timet ; velut ales, ab alto
 Quæ teneram prolem producit in aëra nido :
 Hortaturque sequi, damnosasque erudit artes.

Ovid.

Volvitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus
 It cruor, inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit.
 Purpureus veluti cùm flos succisus aratro
 Languescit moriens : lassove papavera collo
 Demisère caput, pluvîâ cùm fortè gravantur.

Virgil.

————— Stat magni nominis umbra.
 Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
 Exuvias veteres populi, sacrataque gestans

Dona ducum : nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
 Pondere fixa suo est : nudosque per aëra ramos
 Effundens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram :
 At quamvis primo nutet casura sub Euro,
 Tot circum silvæ firmo se robore tollant,
 Sola tamen colitur.

Lucan.

ANTITHESIS.

(*Αντιθεσις, Opposition.*)

Antithesis, opposing things to things,
 Oft from the contrast strength and beauty brings.

EXAMPLES.

All *nature* is but *art*, unknown to thee ;
 All *chance*, *direction*, which thou canst not see ;
 All *discord*, *harmony* not understood,
 All *partial evil*, *universal good*.

Pope.

Sweet harmonist ! and *beautiful* as *sweet* !
 And *young* as *beautiful* ! and *soft* as *young* !
 And *gay* as *soft* ! and *innocent* as *gay* !
 And *happy*, if aught *happy* here, as *good* !

Young.

Life makes the soul dependant on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim *Life* peeps at light ;
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day ;
 Is not the mighty Mind, that Son of Heaven,
 By tyrant *Life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd ?
 By *Death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deified ?
Death but entombs the body ; *Life* the soul.

Young.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A *hero* perish, or a *sparrow* fall,
Atoms or *systems* into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a *bubble* burst, and now a *world*.

Pope.

Nam timor unus erat, facies non una timoris :
 Pars laniat crines : pars sine mente sedet.
 Altera mœsta silet : frustrà vocat altera matrem :
 Hæc queritur, stupet hæc : hæc manet, illa fugit.
Ovid.

PROSOPOPŒIA.

(Προσωποποιία, *Feigning a Person ; Personification.*)

Prosopopœia a new person feigns,
 And to inanimates speech and actions deigns.

EXAMPLES.

But look, *the Morn, in russet mantle clad,*
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Shakspeare.

For the *Queen of the Spring*, as she *pass'd* down the vale,
 Left *her robe* on the trees, and *her breath* on the gale ;
 And the *smile of her promise* gave joy to the hours,
 While rank in *her footsteps* sprang herbage and flowers.

Holland.

As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest ; with such delay
 Well-pleased, they slack their course, and, many a
 league,

Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Milton.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,

*But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !*

Byron.

So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat !
*Earth felt the wound ; and Nature, from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost !*

Milton.

O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet, like ashes, fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon *thy lips, thy cheeks*
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, *thy forehead* wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch *thy sceptre*, and *thy throne*
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love *thee*, all unlovely as *thou* seem'st,
And dreaded as *thou* art !

Cowper.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? *Pride* answers, " 'Tis for *mine* :
For *me* kind Nature wakes her genial power ;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;

D

Annual for *me*, the grape, the rose, renew
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
 For *me*, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
 For *me*, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 Seas roll to waft *me*, suns to light *me* rise ;
My footstool earth, *my* canopy the skies.

Pope.

Dumque ea magnanimus Phaëton miratur, opusque
 Perspicit, ecce *vigil* rutilo *patefecit* ab ortu
 Purpureas *Aurora* fores, et plena rosarum
 Atria.

Ovid.

CLIMAX.

(Κλίμαξ, *A Ladder*.)

Climax, by steps advancing, onward goes
 Higher and still more high to an impassion'd close.

EXAMPLES.

What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason !
 how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how
 express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ;
 in apprehension, how like a god !

Shakspeare.

From labour health, from health contentment springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.

Beattie.

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine.

Pope.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven :
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

Beattie.

Quod libet, id licet his ; at quod licet, id satis
audent ; quodque audent, faciunt ; faciunt quod-
cunque molestum est.

Cicero.

The Anti-Climax which, in burlesque, may
produce its proper effect, detracts much from the
strength and dignity of serious composition.

And thou, Dalhousie, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

D 2

APOSTROPHE.

(Αποστροφή, *A turning away.*)

Apostrophe a bold digression makes,
 Mov'd by some sudden thought the theme awakes.

EXAMPLES.

Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where
 is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

1 Corinthians xv. v. 54, 55.

It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jeru-
 salem. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the
 prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee;
 how often would I have gathered thy children
 together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her
 wings, and ye would not.

Luke xiii. v. 33.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
 Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring.

Goldsmith.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand,
Can e'er untie the filial band,
'That knits me to thy rugged strand ?

Walter Scott.

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Campbell.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must we but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

Byron.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole :—Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent ! and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employed,
Have finish'd.

Milton.

The Moors—all hail ! Ye changeless, ye sublime,
That seldom hear a voice, save that of heav'n !
Scorners of chance, and fate, and death, and time,
But not of Him, whose viewless hand hath riv'n
The chasm, through which the mountain stream is
driv'n !

How like a prostrate giant—not in sleep,
But listening to his beating heart—ye lie !
With winds and clouds dread harmony ye keep ;
Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky ;
Ye speak, are mute—and there is no reply !

Elliott.

Fas omne abrumpit, Polydorum obtruncat, et auro
Vi potitur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames !

Virgil.

Et, si fata Deûm, si mens non læva fuisset,
 Impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras ;
 Trojaque, nunc stares, Priamique arx alta, maneres !
Virgil.

EROTESIS.

(*Ἐρωτησις*, *Interrogation or Questioning.*)

By *Erotesis*, what we know we ask,
 Prescribing, for effect, a needless task.

EXAMPLES.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And, when the sun set,—*where were they ?*
Byron.

And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee father of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,
Who call'd you forth from Night and utter Death ?
Coleridge.

Thou cold-blooded slave ;
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
Shakspeare.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth ?
Does human blood with life imbue,
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death ?
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ?
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?
Professor Wilson.

Laocoon ardens summâ decurrit ab arce :
 Et procul : O miseri, quæ tanta insania, cives ?
 Creditis avectos hostes ? aut ulla putatis
 Dona carere dolis Danaûm ? Sic notus Ulysses ?
Virgil.

Quid enim, Tubero, tuus ille districtus in acie
 Pharsalicâ gladius agebat ? cujus latus ille mucro
 petebat ? qui sensus erat armorum tuorum ? quæ tua
 mens ? oculi ? manus ? ardor animi ? quid cupiebas ?
 quid optabas ?

Cicero.

ECPHONESIS.

(*Εκφωνησις, Exclamation.*)

By *Ecphonesis*, straight the mind is raised
 When by a sudden flow of passion seized.

EXAMPLES.

O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !
 O lined soul ! that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd !

Shakspeare.

How poor ! how rich ! how abject ! how august !
How complicate ! how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder, He who made him such !

Young.

That strain again ! it had a dying fall !
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !

Shakspeare.

Oh ! 'twas heart-sickness to behold them thus
Perishing without knowledge ;—perishing,
As though they were but things of dust and ashes.

Montgomery.

Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by ;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm !

Campbell.

O patria, O divûm domus, Ilium, et inclyta bello
Mœnia Dardanidûm ! quater ipso in limine portæ
Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedêre.

Virgil.

O magna vis veritatis, quæ contra hominum inge-
nia, calliditatem, solertiam, contraque fictas omnium
insidias, facilè se per se ipsam defendat !

Cicero.

OXYMORON.

(Οξύμωρον, *A witty, foolish saying.*)*

In *Oxymoron* jarring phrases join
And terms opposed in harmony combine.

EXAMPLES.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierc'd by love's delightful dart :
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so *sweet a pain*!

Montgomery.

* A striking expression which at first appears absurd.

*The charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights.*

Thomson.

While some on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty ;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a *fearful joy*.

Gray.

August she trod, yet modest was her air ;
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.
Still she drew near ; and nearer still more fair,
More mild, appear'd : yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear ;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

Lowth.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the *sadly-pleasing* tear.
Gray.

The advent'rous boy who asks his little share,
 And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
 Turns on the neighbouring hill once more to see
 The dear abode of peace and privacy ;
 And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
 The smoke's blue wreath ascending with the breeze,
 All rouse reflection's *sadly-pleasing* train,
 And oft he looks, and weeps, and looks again.
Rogers.

Cùmque sit ignis aquæ pugnax; vapor humidus omnes
 Res creat, et *discors* concordia foetibus apta est.
Ovid.

PERIPHRAISIS.

(Περιφρασις, *Circumlocution.*)

Periphrasis a single thought expands,
 And uses many words for what but few demands.

K

EXAMPLES.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest: till the moon
Riding in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Milton.

Now in the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that, now awake,
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song.

Milton.

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.

Pope.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;

When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave ;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

Walter Scott.

Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montes
 Orta dies, cùm primùm alto se gurgite tollunt
 Solis equi, lucemque elatis naribus efflant.

Virgil.

EPANAPHORA.

(Επαναφορά, *Repetition.*)

On words repeated *Epanaphora* plays,
 Or the same sense in other words conveys.

E 2

EXAMPLES.

He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.

Dryden.

What is grandeur, what is power ?
Heavier toil, superior pain ;
What the bright reward we gain ?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure *sweet*,
Sweet music's melting fall, but *sweeter* yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

Gray.

Poor sons of toil ! I grudge them not the breeze
That plays with sabbath flowers, the clouds that play
With sabbath winds, the hum of sabbath bees,
The sabbath walk, the skylark's sabbath lay,
The silent sunshine of the sabbath day.

Elliott.

'Tis sweet to hear,

At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep ;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Byron.

Though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east : still govern thou my song,
Urania.

Milton.

With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful ev'ning mild, the silent night
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
 Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.

Milton.

*Te dulcis conjux ; te solo in litore secum,
 Te veniente die, te decedente, canebat.*

Virgil.

*Doletis tres exercitus populi Romani interfectos ;
 interfecit Antonius ; desideratis clarissimos cives ; eos
 quoque eripuit vobis Antonius : auctoritas hujus or-
 dinis afflicta est ; afflixit Antonius : omnia denique,*

quæ postea vidimus, si rectè ratiocinabimur, uni accepta referemus *Antonio*.

Cicero. Oratio 2. in M. Antonium.

ANASTROPHE.

(*Αναστροφή, Inversion.*)

Anastrophe often, by a pleasing change,
Gracefully puts last the words that first should range.

EXAMPLES.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
*And you, that, from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way !*

Gray.

“ So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down ;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed !”

Wordsworth.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of chaos.

Milton.

On a sudden, *open fly*
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.

Milton.

No ceremony that to the great belongs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

Shakspeare.

Transtra per, et remos, et pictas abiete puppes.
Virgil.

Phœbus, volentem prælia me loqui
Victas et urbes, increpuit, lyrâ.

Horace.

HYPOTYPOSIS.

(*ὑποτυπῶσις, Representation, Description.*)

Hypotyposis persons, things, events,
In vivid language to the eye presents.

EXAMPLES.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :

Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Pope.

I see before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow,
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
'The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
who won.

He heard it—but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—

Byron.

A thunder storm, the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown ?
With what a gloom the ushering scene appears !
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops pattering on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing skies deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm.

Robert Montgomery.

Ill fares the trav'ler now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels, and, in its sluggish pace,
Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.

One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.

Cowper.

You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene ; you pitying saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arms ;
Saw the deep-racking pang ; the ghastly form ;
The lip pale quiv'ring ; and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright ; you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore ;
Heard nightly plunged, amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse.

Thomson.

Come on, sir, here's the place.—Stand still. How
fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anch'ring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murm'ring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
'Topple down headlong.

Shakspeare.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Byron.

Sic fatus senior, telumque imbellè sine ictu
Conjecit ; rauco quod protenus ære repulsum,

F

E summo clypei nequicquam umbone pependit.
 Cui Pyrrhus : "Referes ergò hæc, et nuntius ibis
 Pelidæ genitori : illi mea tristia facta,
 Degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
 Nunc morere." Hæc dicens, altaria ad ipsa trementem
 Traxit, et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati ;
 Implicuitque comam lævâ ; dextrâque coruscum
 Extulit, ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem.

Virgil.

ASYNDETON.

(*Ἀσυνδeton*, No Copulative.)

Asyndeton the copulative denies ;
 And sometimes haste and rage sometimes implies.

EXAMPLES.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,
 long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness,
 temperance.

Gal. v. v. 22.

The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
 And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,
 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

Wordsworth.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billets-doux.

Pope.

Admire—exult—despise—laugh—weep,—for here
 There is much matter for all feeling:—Man !
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span.

Byron.

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,—
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
 Here woman reigns ; *the mother, daughter, wife,*
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.

Montgomery.

We will be reveng'd : revenge ! about ! seek !
 Burn ! fire ! kill ! slay ! let not a traitor live.

Shakspeare.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
 Of early scenes beloved by me,
 While happy in my father's bower,
 Thou shalt the blithe memorial be !
 The fairy sports of infancy,
 Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
*Home, country, kindred, friends,—*with thee,
 I find in this far clime.

Montgomery.

The world was void,
 The populous and the powerful was a lump,
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless.

Byron.

“ For thee, my form is bow'd and worn
 With midnight watches on the main ;
 For thee, my soul hath calmly borne
 Ills worse than sorrow,—more than pain ;
 Through life, what'er my lot may be—
 I lived,—dared,—suffered,—but for thee !”

Miss Jewsbury.

Abiit, excessit, evasit, crupit.

Cicero. Oratio 2. in Catilinam.

Quis globus, o cives, caligine volvitur atrâ?
 Ferte citi ferrum, date tela, scandite muros,
 Hostis adest, eja !

Virgil.

POLYSYNDETON

(Πολυσυνδετον, *Many Copulatives.*)

In *Polysyndeton* conjunctions flow,
 And every word its copulative will shew.

EXAMPLES.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
 Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine,
 or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these
 things we are more than conquerors through him
 that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither
 death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor
 powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor
 height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be
 able to separate us from the love of God, which is in
 Christ Jesus our Lord.

Rom. viii. v. 35.

F 3

Once as Cupid tired with play,
 On a bed of roses lay,
 A rude bee, that slept unseen
 The sweet breathing buds between,
 Stung his finger (cruel chance !)
 With his little pointed lance.
 Straight he fills the air with cries,—
Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies.

Fawkes's Anacreon.

Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and dark'ning heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams.

Thomson.

A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And aery tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

Milton's Comus.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays !

Happy Britannia !

Thomson.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie, may now be your home ;
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly !
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Mrs. Hemans.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

Milton's I' Allegro.

Omnemque suorum
Fortè recensebat numerum, charosque nepotes,
Fataque, fortunasque virûm, moresque, manusque.

Virgil.

APORIA.

(*Απορία, A Doubting.*)

Aporia oft in doubt and fear will rest,
And reason with itself what may be best.

EXAMPLES.

What should he do ? or seek his old abodes ?
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods ?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each, by turns, his aching heart assails.

Addison, from Ovid.

What shall they do ? If on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter ; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder : back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd.

Milton.

Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.

Shakspeare.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;

And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.

Milton.

Quid faciat? repetatne domum et regalia tecta?
 An lateat sylvis? Timor hoc, pudor impedit illud.

Ovid.

Eloquar, an sileam? gemitus lacrymabilis imo
 Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad aures.

Virgil.

APOSIOPESIS.

(*Ἀποσιωπῆσις*, *A ceasing to speak or pausing.*)

Aposiopesis leaves imperfect sense;
 And, sometimes, such a pause speaks eloquence.

EXAMPLES.

Audacious winds! from whence
 This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
 Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
 Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?

To raise such tumults on the troubled main ?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain,
 And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.

Dryden's Virgil.

But thou say'st
 " My father was to thee a father also ;
 He watch'd thy infant years, he gave thee all
 That youth could ask ; and scarcely manhood came,
 Than came a kingdom also ; *yet didst thou*"—
 Oh I am faint !—they have not brought me food—
 How did I not perceive it until now ?

Wolfe.

My sister, though
 I love Azazel more than—oh, too much !
 What was I going to say ? My heart grows impious.

Byron.

Jam cœlum terramque, meo sine numine, venti,
 Miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles ?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Virgil.

Rogas ?—

Mala mens, malus animus: *quem quidem ego si*
sensero !—

Sed quid opus est verbis ?

Terence.

PROLEPSIS.

(Προληψις, *Anticipation, Prevention.*)

Prolepsis makes objections ; then replies ;
And wisely thus anticipates surprise.

EXAMPLES.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

1 Cor. xv. 35.

You think this cruel. Take it for a rule,—
No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Pope.

Our fathers lov'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last.

Pope.

No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into thy power
 Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody and hold :
 That made for me.

Milton's Samson Agonistes.

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
 " No," 'tis replied, " the first Almighty cause
 Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;
 Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began ;
 And what created perfect ?" Why then man ?

Pope.

Quæret quispiam, quid ? illi ipsi summi viri,
 quorum virtutes literis proditæ sunt, istâne doctrinâ,
 quam tu laudibus effers, eruditi fuerunt ? Difficile
 est hoc de omnibus confirmare : sed tamen est certum,
 quid respondeam, &c.

Cicero, pro Archid.

EPANORTHOSIS.

(Επανορθωσις, *Correction.*)

Epanorthosis oft a phrase corrects,
And feeble words, for stronger terms, rejects.

EXAMPLES.

What is it, then, can give men the heart and courage—but I recall that word, because it is not true courage, but fool-hardiness, to out-brave the judgments of God?

Tillotson.

O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother—(no ; no brother ; yet the son—
Yet not the son : I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it.

Shakspeare.

α

The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous, save to crime.

Byron.

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall,
 I would say *eye*, for h' had but one,
 As most agree ; tho' some say none.

Butler's Hudibras.

Atque hoc etiam loco M. Camurti et C. Eserni damnatio prædicatur. O stultitiam ! stultitiamne dicam, an impudentiam singularem ? audetisne, cùm ab eâ muliere veniatis, facere istorum hominum mentionem ?

Cicero, pro M. Cælio.

Quæ Charybdis tam vorax ? Charybdim dico ? quæ si fuit, fuit animal unum : Oceanus, medius fidius, vix videtur tot res, tam dissipatas, tam distantibus in locis positas, tam citò absorbere potuisse.

Cicero. 2. in M. Antonium.

APOPHASIS.

(Αποφασίς, Omission.)

Apophasis, affecting to conceal ;
 What it would seem to hide, will yet reveal.

EXAMPLES.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends.

Thomson.

Me lists not at this tide declare
 The splendour of the spousal rite,
 How mustered in the chapel fair,
 Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;
 Me lists not tell of owches rare,
 Of mantles green and braided hair,
 And kirtles furred with minever ;
 What plumage waved the altar round,
 How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound :
 And hard it were for bard to speak
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;

That lovely hue, which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise !

Walter Scott.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound ;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight ;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

Walter Scott.

Mitto diplomata totâ in provinciâ passim data :
mitto numerum navium, summamque prædæ ; mitto
rationem exacti imperatique frumenti : mitto ereptam
libertatem populis, ac singulis, qui erant affecti
præmiis nominatim.

Cicero in L. C. Pisonem.

SYNCHORESIS.

(Συνχώρησις, *Concession.*)

Oft *Synchoresis* will a point concede,
That other points with greater weight may plead.

EXAMPLES.

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man.
Pope.

But grant that others can with equal glory,
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense,—
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his ills, like Cato ?
Addison.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy ;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.

I grant that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night ;
But both shall please : and each in turn
Yield reason's most supreme delight.

Bloomfield.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
O smile, ye Heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old Age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn ;
But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed ?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Beattie.

“ Aye ! but within—within there sleeps
 One, o’er whose mouldering clay
 The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
 And wastes that form away.”—

And what of that ? The frame that feeds
 The reptile tribe below,
 As little of their banquet heeds,
 As of the winds that blow.

Bernard Barton.

Ego multos homines excellenti animo ac virtute fuisse, et sine doctrinâ, naturæ ipsius habitu propè divino, per seipsos et moderatos, et graves extitisse, fateor ; etiam illud adjungo, sæpius ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrinâ, quàm sine naturâ valuisse doctrinam ; atque idem ego contendo, cùm ad naturam eximiam atque illustrem accesserit ratio quædam conformatioque doctrinæ ; tum illud nescio quid præclarum ac singulare solere existere.

Cicero, pro Archiâ.

ANACÆNOSIS.

(*Ἀνακoinωσις, Communication.*)

Anacænosis, sympathy to wake,
 Bids us another’s case our own to make.

EXAMPLES.

Chief Justice. I then did use the person of your father ;

The image of his power lay then in me :
And in the administration of his law,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented ;
And struck me in the very seat of judgment ;
Whereon, as an offender of your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person,—
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts ; make the case yours ;
Be now the father, and propose a son ;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd ;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted ;
Behold yourself so by a son disdained,

And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
 After this cold consid'rance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth.

Quæro, si te hodie domum tuam redeuntem coacti
 homines, et armati, non modò limine, tectoque ædium
 tuarum, sed primo aditu, vestibuloque prohibuerint,
 quid acturus sis ?

Cicero pro Cæcinâ.

EPIPHONEMA.

(*Επιφωνημα, Acclamation.*)

Epiphonema, for a final clause,
 An inference strong by sudden impulse draws.

This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied their pow'rs

Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

In Heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell ?

Milton.

In tasks so bold can little men engage,

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage !

Pope.

For this, far distant from the Latian coast,

She drove the remnants of the Trojan host :

And seven long years th' unhappy wand'ring train

Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,

Such length of labour for so vast a frame !

Dryden's Virgil.

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem !

Virgil.

ANTONOMASIA.

(*Αντωνομασία, Instead of a name.*)

Antonomasia proper names imparts

From kindred, country, epithets, and arts.

EXAMPLES.

To her Pelides.* With regardful ear
'Tis just, O Goddess ! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless.

Pope's Homer.

O Smintheus !† sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla, the divine,
Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores.

Pope's Homer.

The mighty Stagirite‡ first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Pope.

* Achilles, the son of Peleus.

† Apollo, to whom a temple was built at Smintheus, in Phrygia.

‡ Aristotle, born at Stagira.

The Swedish sage* admires in yonder bowers,
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

Campbell.

Inde Promethides placidis Epimethida dictis
Mulcet, et, "Aut fallax," ait, "est solertia nobis,
Aut pia sunt, nullumque nefas oracula suadent."

Ovid.

In medio duo signa, Conon : et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem ?

Virgil.

* Linnæus.

RHETORICAL TURNS.

ANAPHORA.

(*Αναφορά, Rehearsal.*)

Anaphora elegantly begins
With the same word or phrase successive lines.

EXAMPLES.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art !—
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.

Gray.

Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid !—
Enough—he died the death of fame ;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

Walter Scott.

H

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd ;
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd ;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd ;
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

Pope.

Thee, his lov'd wife, along the lonely shores :
Thee, his lov'd wife, his mournful song deplores ;
Thee, when the rising morning gives the light,
Thee, when the world was overspread with night.

By the rank infected air
That taints those dungeons of despair,
By those who there imprison'd die
Where the black herd promiscuous lie,
By the scourges blackened o'er
And stiff and hard with human gore,
By every groan of deep distress,
By every curse of wretchedness,
By all the train of crimes that flow
From the hopelessness of woe,
By every drop of blood bespilt,
By Afric's wrongs and Europe's guilt,
Awake ! arise ! avenge !

Southey.

Thrice-honoured Nazareth ! by Heaven's decree,
 Exalted highly o'er all cities, thou—
 Not Bethlehem, where our Lord was humbly born,
 Nor Jordan, in whose wave he was baptized ;
 Nor Salem, witness of his mightiest works ;
 Nor Tabor, the transfiguration mount ;
 Nor thy strange garden, dark Gethsemane !
 Nor Calvary itself, such favour won,
 As this despised, exalted, city, Nazareth.

John Holland.

Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circùm
 Ter frustrà comprensa manus effugit imago
 Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Virgil.

Hos ego versiculos feci ; tulit alter honores :
 Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves ;
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves ;
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes :
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.

Virgil.

EPISTROPHE.

(*Επιστροφή, A turning to.*)

Epistrophe many sentences will close
 With the same word, in verse as well as prose.

EXAMPLES.

And what have kings,
Which privates have not too, save ceremony,
Save general ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idol, ceremony ?

Shakspeare.

Throughout, creation heard
And *sighed* ; all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods,
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale,
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
Sighed.

Pollok.

Nature *stood still*. The seas and rivers *stood*,
And all the winds and every living thing.
The cataract, that, like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still : and beasts of every kind *stood still*.

Pollok.

We do pray for *mercy* ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of *mercy*.

Shakspeare.

Declamas bellè ; causas agis, Attale, bellè.

Martial.

SYMPLOCE.

(Συμπλοκη, *A Complication.*)

Symploce sometimes Anaphora will join
With Epistrophe, and both in one combine.

EXAMPLES.

Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises
unto our king, sing praises.

Psalm xlvii. 6.

Hand and voice,
Awake, awake! and thou, my heart, awake!
Awake, ye rocks! ye forest pines, awake!

Coleridge.

Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? who with lovely flowers
Of living blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! God! The torrents, like a shout of nations,
Utter! The ice-plain bursts, and answers God!
God, sing the meadow streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft, and soul-like sound,
The silent snow-mass, loos'ning, thunders God!

Coleridge.

Regem non faciunt opes :
 Mens regnum bona possidet.
 Rex est, qui metuit nihil :
 Rex est, qui cupiat nihil.

Catullus.

EPIZEUXIS.

(*Επιζευξίς, A joining together.*)

An *Epizeuxis* twice a word repeats,
 And graces thus the theme on which it treats.

EXAMPLES.

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
 My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave.

Shakspeare.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied² wealth Hymettus yields ;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air ;
Apollo still thy *long, long* summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Byron.

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The King of Judah mourn'd his rebel child !
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy !
My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried,
Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son !

Campbell.

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats ;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a *dying, dying* fall.

Pope.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide, wide sea !
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

Coleridge.

ANADIPLOSIS.

(*Αναδιπλωσις, Reduplication.*)

Anadiplosis ends the former line
 With what the next does for its first design.

EXAMPLES.

Amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
 The stormy petrel finds *a home*,—
A home, if such a place may be,
 For her who lives on the wide, wide sea.

Barry Cornwall.

Lo ! where the flaming village fires the skies !
 Avenging Power, awake ! *arise* !
Arise, thy children's wrongs redress !
 Ah, heed the mother's wretchedness.

Southey.

It was free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas *free* !
Free as our torrents.

Knowles.

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees,
 The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;
 The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief ! our glory ! now no more.

Pope.

Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur,
 Astur equo fidens et versicoloribus armis.

Virgil.

— Proluvie largâ lavere humida saxa ;
 Humida saxa, super viridi stillantia musco.

Lucretius.

EPANALEPSIS.

(Επαναληψις, *Repetition.*)

Epanalepsis words will recommend
 The same at the beginning and the end.

EXAMPLES.

What gentle youth I would allure,
 Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
 Tell me, my Sappho, tell me *who*?

Ambrose Philips.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—*roll*!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore.

Byron.

Bless'd be that tear!—who gives it, doubly *bless'd*,
 That heals with balm the orphan's wounded breast!

Roscoe.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails *dropt down*,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea!

Coleridge.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, *mourn*!

Bishop Heber.

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit *there*!

Collins.

Crescit amor nummi, quantùm ipsa pecunia crescit.
Juvenal.

EPANODOS.

(*Επανόδος, Regression.*)

By *Epanodos* the same word moves its place,
 Takes first and last and also middle space.

EXAMPLES.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compel me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ?

Milton.

All my pretty ones !
 Did you say, all ? what, all ?

Shakspeare.

When he shall know it ! Heavens !
 When he shall know it !—I am not thy son,
 Yet—oh, when he shall know it !

Knowles.

The King shall do it : must he be depos'd ?
 The King shall be contented : must he lose
 The name of King ?

Shakspeare.

Crudelis tu quoque, mater :
 Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille ?
 Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque, mater.

Virgil.

Iphitus et Pelias mecum ; quorum Iphitus ævo
 Jam gravior, Pelias et vulnere tardus Ulyssæi.

Ovid.

POLYPTOTON.

(Πολυπτωτον, *Many Cases.*)

A *Polyptoton* still the same word places,
 If sense require it, in two different cases.

EXAMPLES.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
 To armour armour, lance to lance opposed,
 Host against host, the shadowy squadrons drew,
 The sounding darts, in iron tempests, flew.

Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise ;
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Pope's Homer.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed : away,
 Away, thou heedless boy ; prepare the spear :
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well-timed croup the nimble coursers veer ;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed hé goes ;
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear ;
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings
 speak his woes.

Byron.

Hope died in every breast, and on all men
 Came fear and trembling. None to his neighbour
 spoke.

Husband thought not of wife, nor of her child
 The mother, nor friend of friend, nor foe of foe.

Pollok.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ;
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Gray.

Breast to breast we fought the ground,
 Arm to arm repell'd the foe ;
 Every motion was a wound,
 And a death was every blow.

Montgomery.

Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
 Imprecor, arma armis : pugnent ipsique nepotes.

Virgil.

ANTANACLASIS.

(*Αντανάκλασις, Reciprocation.*)

Antanacclasis in one sound contains
 More meanings, which the various sense explains.

EXAMPLES.

In thy youth learn some *craft*, that, in old age,
 thou mayst get thy living without *craft*.

Did not grief then grow romantic,
 Raving on remember'd bliss ?
 Did you not, with fervour frantic,
 Kiss the lips that felt no *kiss* ?

Montgomery.

Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep* no more !
 Macbeth doth murder *sleep* ; the innocent sleep ;
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.

Shakspeare.

In loftier mood I fain would raise,
 With my victorious breath,
 Some fair memorial of thy praise,
 Beyond the reach of death ;
 Proud wish and vain !—I cannot give
 The word, that makes the *dead* to live.

Thou art not *dead*—Thou could'st not die ;
 To nobler life new-born,
 Thou look'st in pity, from the sky,
 Upon a world forlorn ;
 Where glory is but dying flame,
 And immortality a name.

Montgomery.

'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Dyer.

Cùm Proculeius quereretur de filio, quòd is mortem
 suam *expectaret*, et ille dixisset, se vero *non expectare* :
Imo, inquit, *rogo expectes*.

Quintilian.

PARONOMASIA.

(Παρονομασία, *Agnomination, Likeness of Words.*)*

Paronomasia to the sense alludes,
When words but little varied it includes.

 EXAMPLES.

Thou art Peter, and upon this Petra (rock) I will
build my church.

Matt. xvi. v. 18.

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll *live* and *love* so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

Goldsmith.

* In this figure, is included ALLITERATION, or the
commencing of several words with the same letter; *e. g.*

And *be*—by *blessing beauty*—blest.

Johnson.

“ How happy,” exclaim’d this child of air,
“ Are the holy spirits who wander there,
 ’Mid flowers that never shall *fade* or *fall* !
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One *bloom* of Heaven *out-blooms* them all !”

Moore.

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power ;
By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn’d to prize,
More bent to *raise* the wretched than to *rise*.

Goldsmith.

Lay the proud usurpers low ;
Tyrants fall in every foe ;
Liberty’s in every blow ;
 Let us *do* or *die* !

Burns.

‘To-morrow, let us *do* or *die* !

Campbell.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
 Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky !
Hail, though the mists that o’er thee stream
 Lend to thy brow their sullen dye !
How should thy pure and peaceful eye
 Untroubled view our scenes below ;

Or how a tearless beam supply,
To light a world of *war* and *woe* !

Walter Scott.

Quos homines vincit, eos ferro statim vincit.

Videte, judices, utrum homini *navo*, an *vano*,
credere malitis.

Hunc avium dulcedo ducit ad avium.

Tu autem nolo existimes me *adjutorem* huic *venisse*, sed *auditorum*.

Cicero, de Nat. Deor.

ANTIMETABOLE.

(*Αντιμεταβολή, Changing by Contraries.*)

Antimetabole at effect will strain,
And words and terms revers'd employ again.

EXAMPLES.

A poem is a speaking picture ; a picture is a mute poem.

Zion shall lamentation make
With *words* that *weep* and *tears* that *speak*.

The morn that usher'd thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in *tears*, whilst all around thee *smiled*.
So live, that sinking to thy last long sleep,
Sweet may'st thou *smile*, when all around thee *weep*.
Sir William Jones.

Non, ut edam, vivo, sed ut vivam, edo.

HOMOIOTELEUTON.

(Ὅμοιοτελευτον, *A like ending.*)

Homoioleuton makes the measure chime
With the same endings of the fetter'd rhyme.

HOMOIOTELEUTON.

EXAMPLES.

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders
Rolling in meanders,

All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan ;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever, lost !
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows
Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries.

Pope.

Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.

Terence.

DONCASTER :

PRINTED BY C. WHITE, BAXTER-GATE.

